THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poem.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEGION BARD.

A hymn to thee, bright moon,
Just o'er the hills ascending,
And earth's unnumbered forms
With light and beauty blending.
Thy misty pale, the azure hue,
Thy robe, the cloak of changing hue,
The myriad stars, thy spangled train,
Through boundless fields of heaven's vast domain.
Oh, sweet the sight that then dost bless
With all thy accented loveliness!
And sullenest hid then with delight
A "God-speed" on thy march to night!

A hymn to thee, bright moon,
The Kubla Khan
The K-ydels are singing,
While every neck around
With melody is ringing.
When daylight's busy task o'er,
It seems and labors felt no more,
While spreads her mantle twi-light dim,
How joyful sounds the evening hymn!
The spirits that disdain to bow
In grateful adoration now,
The Tips unnerved with every sense and e-ing,
Are not slow in nature's throng.

A hymn to thee, bright moon,
The glory waves are scintilling,
Whose echos low and sweet
Are o'er the billows breathing;
Rejoicing in her barge of state,
Where myriad Nereids revel near,
The Queen of Fairy sweeps the tide.
With magic pomp and joyous pride,
The merry mirth the seaside wears
'Mid laughing fays and ocean's daughters,
Is for the charming joyous ring
To Luna's smiles around them flung.

A hymn to thee, bright moon,
The lover's ope ear lighting,
While every balmy breeze
In concert is replying.
Lo, at the glad approached hour
He wends his way to beauty's bower.
From whose sweet odor-breathing shrine
Accords the soothing serenade.
The rapturous of the night's hour
His deep impressed wonnie rapture,
Consoles the fair radiance of the moon
He sings of love at beauty's shrine.

Pittsburg, Pa., 1846.

Original Tales.

THE REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY H. MEEKS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEREAVEMENT.

"Aye, Mr Ryan, you may well say that—a sad blow is it to his wretched family; for it is that sad Mr Mansfield invested the whole of his property in multicostic speculation and lost all; and if so, I know not what will become of his helpless widow and orphans."

"God only knows, Mr. Collins it is His to temper the wind to the shorn lamb; and He will doubtless provide for this destitute widow."

Mr Ryan uttered this in a careless tone, which plainly indicated that if God did not provide for the widow and her children, it was no fault of his and the mention remains of Henry Mansfield were about to be borne to their last resting place, and the consecration on the outside was performing.

How solemn, oh Death, are thy visitations! How deep the silence of that thoughtful throng now in its immediate presence! How awful that presence! How keen the anguish that follows thy relentless footsteps!

The sad procession moves slowly on, without pomp or pageantry; for

"Sorrow's assistance weeps not o'er its soul."

the common heart is touched, and tears flow from eyes unused to weep, as with unconscious step, the mother and her fatherless children follow their beloved to the grave. The last sad rites are performed.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the cold full beauty of death is on the pallid, cruel, ing the heart with the sense of utter and helpless destitution, a frantic shriek breaks upon the ear, and the daughter of the departed sinks overpowered with emotion to the earth. Friends assist to convey her home, and the mother is aroused from the stupor of her own absorbing sorrow, by her fears for her child.

Night has now spread out her mantle of darkness, the stars glisten in the heavens, and the music of nature keeps up its eternal harmonies in all places, save in the bosom of humanity. Occasions by the fatigue of the day, the children of Mansfield sleep, but to their unhappy mother there is no repose.

She feels unutterably desolate are those first dark hours of widowhood! How oppressive the burden of care that suddenly thrown upon her! How numerous that once happy heart's fears!

Her thoughts are with the dead—and as the remembrance of ten thousand tokens of affection crowd the mind, the fountains of the heart are broken up, and the aching bosom finds relief in tears. Falling upon her knees she seeks consolation and counsel from the Father of the fatherless, and finds not intrude upon that sacred hour.

A few hours after the funeral obsequies, a party were gathered around the tea table of Mrs. Ryan, having been invited at the grave by that lady. The melancholy bereavement was the topic of conversation.

"How excessive was the grief of Mary Mansfield," said one of the lady visitors.

"Just me! Mrs. Price, you do not suppose there was any necessity in it—do you?" said Mrs. Ryan.

"Certainly I do," said Mrs. Price, "why should I not?"

"Oh! I see you don't know that acted girl as well as I do; I am not given to speak harshly of any one, but my word for it, all that fuss at the grave was pure affectation."

"But, dear Mrs. Ryan, "I can see no cause for such needless hypocrisy—what motive could she possibly have?"

"Motive!" said the hostess, "it is of no motive sufficient to excite the sympathy of the public!—for notwithstanding the Mansfields carry their heads as high, they are desperately poor."

"I have always noticed," said Mr. Ryan, "that poor people do so, it is a regular game, an old trick."

"The grief of the poor may be more violent in its manifestation," said Mrs. Price, "but that is attributable to another cause, a deficiency of education gives them less power to control their feelings."

"Yes, yes," persisted Mrs. Ryan, "but Mary Mansfield is not one of that class, she has had a very superior education."

Mr. Ryan smiled approvingly, as though he felt that his wife's argument was irrefutable, and her triumph complete.

"It is no matter," said Mrs. Price, "in rich or poor I honor the genuine tribute of the heart. It may show what the world call weakness, but it also proves that they who weep can feel."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a young gentleman from one of the fashionable city goods stores, who brought a magnificent shawl for the inspection of Miss Juliet Ryan, or as she would be called on account of being the eldest daughter, Miss Ryan.

Let us pass over a few months in that fearful struggle which the poor and dependent have to maintain with the world, though first we will recur to the earlier history of the Mansfield family.

Henry Mansfield had married, in opposition to the wishes of his parents, who were both fashionable and ambitious, one deemed by them below him in her sphere of life; and he was in consequence, virtually disowned and disinherited by them. Independent spirit was the inheritance and wealth of her pure love. By his uniform amiability of manners, strict integrity, and assiduous attention to business, he won from the confidence of his fellow citizens, attained a high position at the bar, and had the foundation of an easy fortune laid; however, he had been persuaded by Ryan to invest, jointly with him, in a multicostic adventure. It was considered lost, and before he had time to retrieve it, he was gathered, a shattered wreck, to the grave.

This Mr. Ryan was a kind of peripatetic speculator. Without any regular place of business, he was always ready to drive a bargain with any body, and in any thing, and though seeming to do but little, was rapidly growing rich. We will visit once more the parlor of this gentleman.

"Ada," said Mrs Ryan, "if Juliet takes that shawl, I do not see how you are to get your dress made."

"That matter is settled," said the sensor Miss Ryan. "It is a much handsomer article than Ada is to have, and I know how it is, I am only unfortunate in not being the favorite, —and Miss Ada shed a few tears (affectation of course) for the poor."

"Never mind, child," said her mother, consolingly, "I dare say I can manage it. Considering that Ada is the destined wife of Mr. Rollin, we can send your dress to the widow Mansfield, she is very tasty and skilful with the needle."

"No fear of that, whatever," said Mrs Ryan; "you know how beautifully she made your brother's shirts"

"Yes, but it likely she will make any thing else till she is paid for that?" asked Ada.

"To be sure she will," said Mrs Ryan. "does she think we are not able to pay her, or does she doubt our honesty. And she tell you what, I'll see it's not your place to throw such things up to me."

Ada had raised a tempest, and as it was useless to resist, the dress was folded in a newspaper, and sent to Mrs. Mansfield.

All day and long into the night, did the widow and her daughter toil upon the elaborate garment; and when finally it was finished to the satisfaction of all parties, after being three sent back for alterations, Mrs. Ryan promised to pay one dollar.

It is not our province to dwell upon the privations and suffering of a needle-woman's life, though it might afford a salutary lesson to those who would grind the poor of gold. The Mansfield in common with many others, experienced that which, though abounding all around us, baffles description, and which is only known to the under the present system—the blight of penury, and the utter want of employment to alleviate its miseries. Since the death of her husband, she had been the inmate of a city goods store, in a distant city, making barely a living, and her darling Mary withered like a tender flower in their presence, overlooked and yet not sufficiently fed or clad.

The newspaper in which had been wrapped the ready dress of Ada Ryan, was lying one afternoon on Mary's little work-table, picking it up, and glancing over the columns, she found it contained the correspondence which subsequently appeared in print as an authoress to the world. As she read, new thoughts were awakened, new hopes enkindled, new determinations formed.

Obstacles were in the way, to unite with success requisite—could she appear in print? If she robbed her from the hours of needful repose, she would require light—but she had not even the necessary writing materials. To procure these was most evidently herself some absolute necessary, and submit to its trifling sacrifice.

A pair of boarders, not with the likenesses of her mother and father, the last gift of his affection, were pawned to raise the means to make an experiment, the result of which was at least extremely doubtful.

At length, after protracted midnight toil, stolen from the hours of rest without the knowledge of her mother, her task was finished and the story sent to the editor of a well known magazine, with a note delicately hinting at her poverty, and requesting a reply in the next number. How eagerly did she await its appearance, and with what anxiety did she open every package of that work to purchase it! In due time it came, and under the notice "to correspondents," was the announcement of Rest Day, a story by Mary Mansfield, is rejected.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISTAKE AND ITS CORRECTION.

The shock was more than the poor girl could bear. She thought not that her story was good, but poor plaudit, those to her were nothing—but the hope of a more certain and abundant subsistence was created, and a sudden blow prostrated her.

In the mean time, the rejected story was picked up from a pile of rubbish where it had been thrown, and read by a boarder at first sent to jest at it, but much that placed it far above the usual average of magazine literature, and offered it to the publisher of a weekly paper.

The story was a faithful picture of the struggle of honest poverty, against the oppression of avarice, and the power of money. It portrayed, in language beautiful from its simplicity, the liability of the poor to incur the suspicion and punishment of crime, because of their condition; and depicted the final triumph of integrity, over the easier and truer glory of the corrupt and vicious. It was full of heart—the pure heart of woman—in all its devotion of constancy, its vehemence of love, its noble self-sacrifice, and its self-negation. The boarder read, and his quiet chasm, and gave to the style its peculiar freshness and vigor.

It was published and copied into every paper of note in the country. Did those who enriched their columns with it care whether the hand that traced the glowing page was adorned with costly gems, or doomed to ply the needle for bread? Not they.

Mr. Joseph Mansfield was the wealthy proprietor of the "Sword and Shield," an influential party paper. Mr. Mansfield, however, did not himself write—his paper was sustained, and his family supported, by the intellectual labors of a poor scholar. He lived upon the brains of Herbert Willmer—nay, more, poor Willmer's brain was Mr. Mansfield's mine, out of which he was digging heaps of gold, ready refined, but Willmer found it difficult to live. To true is it that capital has gained the mastery over both labor and mind. God had conquered man!

Mr. Mansfield was seated at his breakfast table preparing to enjoy his fragrant Mocha and his morning paper, when a servant brought up a number of letters.

"Here, Mary, is one for you," said he to a rosy cheeked girl on his left, as he handed her a letter.

She breaks the seal and read,—"There must be some mistake," said she, "this letter is not for me."

"Read it out, my dear," said her father.

"Miss Mansfield:—Do me the honor to accept the enclosed trun of Twenty Dollars as a mark of my high respect for your talents, and in consideration of the extraordinary gratification the perusal of your immortalale sketch 'Rest Day' has afforded me, and permit me to add the hope that it may not be the last with which you will favor the world, and delight your Obt. ser't.

"P. S. Bembleman."

"I wish it was for you," said Mr Mansfield "That is what I would call a *sterling* compliment, all the money were English."

"But father, what shall I do?" asked Mary.

"Send it back, my child," said Mr. Mansfield.

"I don't think I should," said her brother, a languid looking young man of nineteen, "you have the honor, why not pocket the profits?"

"And make it a regular multicostic affair," said the young lady, "I believe not.

"Oh! if your objection is to keeping the money, I can do that," said her brother.

"I doubt your ability to keep it, Fred," said his mother; "though of your power to spend it, I have no question."

No one, however, could suggest a clue to the mysterious Rest Day, and the money was returned to Mr. Bobbleman. The story of the min-cent gratility, however, was told to Willmer, he went to Mansfield, and he, who had got the credit of the first appeared, and learned that it came from a journeyman who worked in the office of the "Autograph Magazine," and could not be discharged by the latter the clue to find the true Mary Mansfield.

Ensebelled by disease and want, and surrounded by the signs of poverty, and the daughter of Henry Mansfield, when Willmer called to communicate to her, not the success and popularity of her maiden effort, that he supposed, but the gratifying, the exulting episode of Mr. Bobbleman's generosity, and to request a few favors from her pen.

"Can you write, my child, what do? Framing some other excuse for his visit, he soon withdrew and sought out Mr. Bobbleman,—but that gentle man had left the office of ordinary gratitude, and possibly subsided upon making the discovery that the authoress who had so delighted him was a poor needle-woman, and not the daughter of the wealthy proprietor of the "Sword and Shield," and he could render no assistance.

Willmer replied that he had, and that he was now on his way to her humble dwelling, to give her what amount of relief he had been able to collect.

"Fresh on me, then," said the stranger, "to accompany you, and we together may devise some more effectual plan of relief."

Willmer assented, and the two set out together.

"My name," said the stranger, "is Holmes, and several months ago I sold to a certain Mr. Ryan, a lot of ground, in a certain town, for which I took his and Henry Mansfield's joint obligation. When, by the death of the latter, the continuance of time, allowing the maturity of the bond, and now still lingering with much interest on these newly discovered premises, I found that Mr. Mansfield had left no estate, that her husband's part in the transaction, and I shall be mistaken if I cannot show that Ryan has been defrauded."

When they reached Mrs. Mansfield's house, they found everything in confusion. Ryan, who owned the house, having bought that belonging to Henry Mansfield, and put the widow and daughter in this at a heavy rent, was there personally superintending the removal of the furniture, which, there, preparing to take Mary and her mother, with whatever Ryan might choose to leave them, to his home, until, as he said, "they could do better."

"And it is a shame to you, Mr. Ryan," said he, "that, at such a time as this, you should add to the helpless women out of doors, and take all they have."

"Can't be helped," said Ryan, "every one must take care of their own."

"They should be sure it is their own then," said Holmes, who had come to the very same conclusion.

Ryan was a little astonished. "Come, come, Mr. Ryan, continued Holmes, "that money I to others has been paid to you, and you should send it back."

"I must have my money," said Ryan.

"How it is, Mr. Ryan," said the widow, offering the money. "This with what Mrs Ryan owes us for sewing, will more than pay you."

"I don't want anything more than my own," said the landlord, grasping at the money.

"Stay," said Holmes "I believe I hold your note for twelve hundred dollars and interest."

"Suppose I do," said Ryan, "what then?"

"What then! why that you pretended that the multicostic speculation was a failure, when you had actually sold the same for eighteen hundred dollars cash."

"Well! it I did, what has that to do with my note?"

"Only this much, Mr. Ryan, that George What is ready to swear that he saw this lady a his hand pay you twelve-hundred of the money the paper print note to me became due, and probably your receipt for the money can be found."

"It's an infernal lie," said Ryan.

"Oh it is best to be cool, sir," said Holmes, "you may do it to your advantage. You want your money for the rent of this house—I want mine for this note."

"I'll pay my part and no more," said Ryan.

"It takes two to make that bargain, my dear sir, and let me further advise you to refund to Mrs. Mansfield the twelve hundred dollars out of which you have defrauded her. You will be able to live much more comfortably on what you have left, no doubt—Carolina will have enough."

"I shall do no—"

"Stay, sir, do not be too rash. I said it might be possible to find your note for the money which Mr. Mansfield paid you—and I am happy to have it in my power to confirm that opinion.

"It's a forgery," cried Ryan.

"Found among the papers of Henry Mansfield, by his administrator—brought to light by what Mr. Ryan would call, and proved by a compe-tent dalas."

Holmes had fixed his keen eye on Ryan, as guilt stood upon the latter's face, he turned away, however, muttering something about law and justice and right. The next morning, nevertheless, he sent for Mr. Collins to receive a check for twelve hundred and fifty dollars in favor of Mrs. Eugenia Mansfield, and only this escaped a criminal prosecution and a disgraceful exposure.

But did Mary Mansfield accept the twenty dollars for her rejected manuscript? Yes, and something more; for so much did her tale and talents win the favor of Willmer, and so much did he good-humoredly grumble manliness of character gain upon her heart, that in good time she accepted his hand, and now renders him most important and re-ential aid in conducting one of the best journals of the day.

Mrs. Mansfield now lives with Mr and Mrs. Willmer, for she could not find happiness enjoyed the same with Ryan, and her daughter Ada, who married Mr. Rollin, has taken her son, who gives indications of possessing the talents from the counting room, and placed him at one of our best colleges. Ryan we forget to mention, that the whole of the note due Mr. Holmes was obtained, and added by him to the former, which, with the exception portion, on the day that interesting event took place.

Original Poetry.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Men waste their lives in fruitless schemes,
Vain phantoms they pursue,
And find, when years have run their dreams,
Nothing in life is true.
For they who seek pure bliss on earth,
Unmix'd with grief or care,
In pleasure, joy, delight and mirth,
Build castles in the air.

Behold that man destroy his health,
And always toil and care,
But to increase his worldly wealth
Already far to rich;
They who the poor oppress and grind,
And drive them to despair,
If a rain castle they find,
Build castles in the air.

Oft luckless, you silly elf,
You'll find the means to live,
If you care only for yourself,
Nobody cares for you;
If happiness you want for life,
Then do not seek for wife,
Who counts on bliss without a wife,
Builds castles in the air.

He who has eyes to look for gold,
A treasure for the poor,
A balm to soothe the troubled mind,
A letter of commerce proof,
Who makes the laws of God his rule,
He does not build
He does not, like a silly fool,
Build castles in the air.

BOOTES.

Beautiful Sketch.

HAIR-LOVE.

FROM INGRAM'S MAGAZINE.

"There succus a love in hair, though it be foul
As the grim serpents that infest Medusa,
Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree,
Surviving the proud trunk."—*Leigh Hunt.*

During a late excursion to the seaside we were struck by the appearance of a well-dressed, but fashioned glass bottle, placed upon the mantel-shelf of the humble sleeping apartment it was our fate to occupy for one night only; we were pained to engage rooms. The contents of the said bottle puzzled us not a little, just at first, to decypher, consisted, as we presently found out, of several pieces of human hair, of divers shades and colors, embellished, but each had singly together with a piece of thread, to which a small slip of paper was attached bearing a name on it. But some of them were sadly discolored from age, and the name was illegible. First, there was Ellen, who was the gray-headed man who drove you hither. Ah, you would not think, to look at him now, that his hair was not so black and abundant. He was a handsome youth, was Tom, just like his poor father's at that time, and serious, and poverty, work, great changes! Then came Mary, who died a victim of the fever. And little Walter, nothing would do but he must be named also, for which I must look back from his first voyage. Then there was Mary and Susan, twins, and so much alike that people could not distinguish them apart. Susan had the hair was a shade darker. Well, she died too, and poor Mary pined and pined away until she grew to be a skeleton, and then followed her, they do say, that twins seldom survive each other. Next was Betty—no, that's not it. I can't make out the names very plainly, they are so faded. Betty, she was like threads of gold—we never see such hair now-a-days! Ah, that's my poor Betty's! but no matter, I can't speak of her. Then we have Jane, in the street to admire Betty's hair, and they'd said she was too beautiful to live long. God's will and the Lord's, I suppose, for she was like Jane, good and gentle; and doubtless. He took her away for twelve hundred dollars and interest."

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1847.

TERMS.

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For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Or, If Rather, for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our correspondents to widen up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition or make daily paper, lugged together without taste or method or variety, and call it a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending us their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY ISABELLA JOHNSON. This poem is accepted and shall have an early insertion.

We are obliged to E. H., for his Riddles, &c., though some of them have been published already.

PRUDERY.

To the pure and simple mind prudery is nearly as odious as licentiousness. Prudery is an truth negative licentiousness. Its purest and best of the thoughts have been accustomed to rove in paths of vice, even if the body has been kept under such position. The man who laughs, or the woman who blushes, when in the arbor of conversation some expression is let fall susceptible of a double interpretation, and shows by that smile or that blush, that the mind has immediately caught up the meaning no intended, proves that he or she is deficient in that perfect purity of heart "which thinketh no evil."

But the Prude is one who, while manifesting this wakefulness of the mind to everything that may be perverted into evil, professes a great love of virtue and a great horror of vice. This, however, is generally a mere outward profession, and as virtue can never be counterfeited, the Prude displays the recent deficiency of her heart quite as perceptibly in her open condemnations of vice as in her secret cherishings of it. For instance, the practice some ladies have of avoiding the use of the word leg or breast, so that they can scarcely ask without blushing for the leg or thigh of fowl at the dinner table, or have of avoiding the use of the word leg or breast, so that they can scarcely ask without blushing for the leg or thigh of fowl at the dinner table, is a piece of prudery that proves exactly what they think it does not prove. As sensible as it was cutting, was the rebuke of that really sensible, Dr. Johnson, to some ladies who took occasion to complain out him that certain "naughty words" were left out of a new edition of his great Dictionary—"we by no had been looking for them, have you?" said the Doctor, stately and rebukingly.

"My dear sir, clear your mind of cant," was the speech of the old Doctor upon another occasion—and of all cant, prudery is the most offensive. That cant of prudery which prevents men, yes, and women, from knowing things they ought to know, is unorthodox. To the pure all things are pure, we said the blessed Master—and though it were foolish to carry this as any other principle to an absurd extreme, let us not forget to allow it its due weight in society and common intercourse.

But where shall we draw the line between prudery and a proper delicacy, some may ask. This is a question both easily answered, and not easily answered. The pure in heart will never be at a loss where to draw this line in their conduct and conversation, but others will always find it very difficult; for only to a limited extent can it be made a matter of positive laws by legislatures or by the custom. For it is a matter of feeling, and as the mind loses its native innocence, it loses that delicacy of perception which alone can enable it to discriminate justly. In proportion as it partakes of the fruit of the tree of "good and evil," does its ability to separate between them become impaired. For rightly was that fatal tree termed the tree "of good and evil," it being the nature of all sin to confound in inexplicable confusion the natural distinctions between the right and the wrong.

Therefore it is that the various efforts ever put against the vicesome that they have condemned in others, just as the Pharisees of old accused the fastness of being "the friend of publicans and sinners." They lose the power of distinguishing between prudery and virtue, as the Pharisees had lost the ability to distinguish between the friendship and enmity. Christ wants the wrong done, and that friendship which is a compact of sin and death. There is no help for it, for in the very make and nature of things it must be so always, as long as sin exists in the world. In proportion only as the mind is pure is it ever possible to classify see the opposite extremes of wrong—to condemn this on the one hand, as open licentiousness, to condemn that on the other, as secret licentiousness or prudery. And, as some one has justly said that, "let us begin where we will in a question of morals, we shall soon find ourselves trembling the ten commandments," as we find to the present instance, that the sum and substance of all we have been saying for contained in the two simple words of the Scripture:—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

There is hardly any error into which young authors are more apt to fall, than into that of believing that they are making progress in their literary authors and the world. Finding that a spontaneous recognition of their literary talents is not immediately awarded them, and especially to admit in the thought that they may perhaps have overrated their own abilities, they trace their comparative want of success to the envy of their contemporaries, who are fearful of being eclipsed by the splendor of a new star, and to the malignant influence of "cliques and coteries."

That this is an fancy picture is too plainly proven by the language which some young writers habitually indulge in in their conversation which they have forwarded to a newspaper or magazine as rejected, instead of imputing the rejection to some deficiency in themselves, they at once conclude in their own minds that perfect justice has not been done them. While in nine cases out of ten, if the rejected articles were read by some one and their shown to them, with the inquiry whether they now wished it published, they would answer with a blush—"What, that trash! No, not for the world!"

As one do not think, however, to waste words upon this matter, we will appeal at once to the strongest possible testimony, that of facts, in proof of our assertion, that youthful genius instead of being fostered upon by conductors of the public press and by authors who have succeeded in gaining a reputation, is treated with the greatest contempt and neglect. Let any young author who may think himself thus unfairly neglected, look upon the lists of his youthful brethren, and look if he can, a name (except, of course, his own) when a full account of praise has not been awarded. Why within the last year almost, Lowell, Taylor and Read, all young men, and the latter quite recently, evidently destitute of any means by which to better the good will of the literary world, have taken a high position in it by the mere force of native genius. These instances prove conclusively, that so far from there being any desire to put down the claims of true talent, as manifested in a young and unknown author, all men unite to do it homage when it is the clear deliberate opinion that a great number of our young men of talent are injured by not much praise than too little.

The great there are cases where when an author is so far in advance of his age, that his merits are not seen or understood, and therefore not acknowledged. For this reason there is no remedy, but to wait for another historic. No man is called to be a prophet, who needs the spur of contemporaneous applause to urge him on to unwearied efforts of thought; but a very small matter, one in fact scarcely worth thinking about, to such an one, whether the foolish world praise or blame.

We trust, therefore, that all young men and women who dabble in the inky waters of literature, will take heart once and for ever, that "the critics of the world is just"—and that if they write things worthy to be read, no "cliques or coteries" under the sun can ever prevent their being read. If they them receive also with great incredulity, any intimation as to the existence of these environs and influences, as the mere creatures of envy, and look for through there may be such things, the existence of any very "close corporation" of the kind, in a country like ours, is absurd. Above all, let them reflect that there is at least a possibility, a bare possibility, we grant, that they have been deceived in the quality of their own genius, and that what they have mistaken for power of poetic expression, may be perhaps nothing more than a capability of doing tolerably well. Or if they cannot admit such a dumper to long cherished and sanguine hopes, let them remember that editors and publishers are not desirous to receive badly good contributions as any one need be to send them; and therefore let them trace any disappointment at the literary lady, to the fault of their own pen, and encourage rather than to malice. For if an editor honestly believes his correspondent's swan to be a goose, he is not to be expected that he should find the water for it to swim in.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

As we did not think the Governor's Message of much importance to have it in type, we did not suppose that our paper last week in order to insert it; we give the following brief abstract of its contents—

The Governor sustains the Federal Government in the course it has pursued towards Mexico, and urges additional compensation to the troops, and suggests that the officers of every regiment should be furnished to each officer and soldier; and that the Legislature be memorialized in march to Pittsburg, by the Pennsylvania volunteers, be refunded.

The State debt, according to his exhibition, is $40,759,577, being less by $106,816 than it was a twelvemonth ago. The interest accruing on the debt during the year less than the demands upon the Treasury during the same period by $414,196. The estimates for the present year make the receipts exceed the expenditures $194,441. The balance in the Treasury on the 1st inst. was $438,960. In this condition of the finances, he calls upon the Legislature to be economical in view of the accruing interest due 1st of February. The estimate he says, is according to his exhibition, at $40,759,577, being less by $106,816 than it was a twelvemonth ago. The interest accruing on the debt during the year less than the demands upon the Treasury during the same period by $414,196. The estimates for the present year make the receipts exceed the expenditures $194,441. The balance in the Treasury on the 1st inst. was $438,960. In this condition of the finances, he calls upon the Legislature to be economical in view of the accruing interest due 1st of February. The estimate he says, is according to his exhibition, at $40,000 annually appropriated to the cancellation of debt—of interest in discharging the amount of public debt, yearly. The taxes and the public works will be sufficient to meet the debt and all demands upon the Treasury. He estimates the annual increase of tolls from the public works at $100,000, which, added to the existing fund of $200,000 for the cancellation of relief issues, will take them all out—of circulation in about three years, at which time the State will have a sinking fund of half a million of dollars for the purpose of cancelling existing the relief debt.

He also recommends an examination of the operation of the tax law to make it bear more equally on the people.

He advises the Legislature to adhere to the principle of the system adopted in chartering banks, limiting the amount of capital to be employed, and individually liable for their debts.

He recommends that the fees be commutated to improve the Gun River from its mouth to Pittsburg.

He suggests a salutary reform in dispensing with petit Jurors in civil cases, or passing them by lots. Forty-three passed at the last session were of little importance that they could not be heard except in consequence of the small tax to which each was subject.

The following is the Governor's language respecting the Tariff question—

The adjustment by Congress of the rules of duty on imports, is a matter of high importance to the public to us interest. In my message of the 5th of January last, I took occasion to express the views by which I continue to adhere. I can entertain no doubt of the power of the General Government, to impose such discriminations in the rates of duties on imports, as may afford reasonable encouragement, to domestic manufactures and productions, which may be injuriously affected by foreign competition. I feel the more confidence in this conclusion, as I have not as the separate States of the Union are by the express terms of the Constitution prohibited from its exercise, it follows, that, unless it resides in the General Government, the United States would want this essential attribute of National sovereignty.

The extent to which, alluded to as the "commencement" of the great work, is the rail road intended to unite Lake Michigan with the Mississippi at or near Rock Island.

We would remark however, that whoever is entitled to the credit of the first suggestion to Mr. Whitney of the route, (and we believe he has by any) of being its most energetic and intelligable advocate. And of the road he ultimately built, to the last degree of his energies, will be due on the whole, the glory or the shame, whichever it may prove.

FEMALE HEROISM.

The following anecdote of a brave Irish woman, being nothing less that the realization of the old proverb about "taking the deer by the horns," cut from the Boston Mail, is one of the best we have seen for sporting. The unusual account is from the New Bedford Mercury —

On Monday last a deer hunt took place in the Plymouth woods, where several deer were started. After a fine chase a large buck came down from the hend, from his way to East Wareham, where he was killed on the road by Mr. Benjamin Savery, who immediately proceeded to cut up and dress the carcass of the deer. The buck, however, had the advantage of the field, and left his pursuers in the rear. Soon after the slaughter, finally took to the road, and in his course met Mrs. Savery, who was on her way to Wareham. Mrs. H happened to be at the door, and while the buck was in the act of going past, she caught him firmly and held him fast, and without a moment's hesitation, seized a knife and cut his throat. The animal was soon bled to death, and was subsequently taken home and held him fast, and without a moment's hesitation, seized a knife and cut his throat. The animal was soon bled to death, and was subsequently taken home and secured to secure him alive, and would not kill him, but would not secure him alive, and would not kill him, but would not secure him alive, and would not kill him, but would not

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, O. is our Agent for Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Louisiana, assisted by *James E. Morrison*, of Cincinnati, and *T. Edwards*, of Louisville, Ky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia, assisted by *John Gaines*.

JNO F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Jos. M. Stevenson*, is our Agent for Virginia.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *Peter D. Wright, D. H. P. Rose, William H. Wild, John B. Wild, J. E. Wild, and Thomas T. S. Wright*, of Charleston, S. C.

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From Harrisburg.

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

In the Legislature but little has as yet been done besides the introduction of new bills, &c. On the 9th the House proceeded to the election of a Speaker of Arms, when

James Morehead had 57 votes.
John B. Hurd had 42 votes.

Mr. Morehead having a majority of all the votes, was declared elected, and appointed an Assistant Doorkeeper, and R. S. Franks.

For Doorkeeper,

Jacob Sanders had 57 votes.
Thos. Evans House had 42 votes.

The first named was duly elected. Mr. E. M. Bigham was appointed Messenger.

Mr. Mathiot offered a series of resolutions in thanks to Gen. Taylor and the officers, soldiers and volunteers, for their services in Mexico.

In the Senate, on the 6th, Mr. Darlington presented a petition from the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of Philadelphia, praying for an alteration in the act for the introduction of free apparatus into the city of Philadelphia, and by request by Mr. Crabbe also presented a bill carrying out the objects of this petition.

On the 11th inst., in the House, upon the question coming up of appointing a Chaplain, that body negatived the proposition.

A bill was reported to the House from the Select Committee, to provide for the relief of certain Mexican sylvania volunteers, and appropriating $10,000 for that purpose. Also, a resolution authorizing the government in the present war. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling the Reading Railroad to declare and pay dividends.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 6th instant, Mr. Thomas Clayton presented a memorial from citizens of Wilmington, Del., to bring the war to a speedy close.

The Committee on Printing reported against the printing of the memorial of the army planters of Louisiana, the repeal of the tariff of 1842.

The bill for the sale of the Lake Superior copper mines was taken up, several amendments proposed, and it was ordered to be printed. The consideration of the bill was postponed until Friday.

The bill granting the arrest of Congress to certain States to take public lands as soon as sold, was passed.

On the 7th inst., a resolution was presented calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the amount of public moneys in public depositories, and requiring the monthly statements to be hereafter published.

Reports were laid before the Senate from the Navy Department, concerning the loss at the Havana, a statement of all appropriations made for the improvement of harbors, rivers, &c.

A remonstrance was presented against the repeal of the pilot laws.

The resolution of Mr. Cameron, directing the Secretary to report on the best mode of reducing the Tariff of 1842 the duties can be increased, so as to augment the revenue, came up for consideration, and a long debate ensued.

Mr. Dix introduced the financial measures of the Government, as credit for the present situation of the country.

Several slight amendments were made to the resolution, and it was passed.

Mr. Benton introduced a bill for encouraging enlisting, and it was referred to a select committee.

Mr. Crittenden said he would call for the bill when he was in a vigorous possession of the war, and would not have brought it forward at the present time.

The bill was then passed, and subsequently passed the House.

On the 11th, the Military Committee reported a bill to provide for the temporary increase of the military force, also a bill to regulate the appointment of a Lieutenant General. Both bills were made the special order of the day for Thursday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 6th inst., in the House, on motion of Mr. Hamlin, the use of the gallery was given to the reporter that part of the President's Message in relation to the disposition of a large portion of the army, was reconsidered, by a vote of yeas 91 to nays 84.

The question occurring again on the motion to lay upon the table, it was decided in the negative—yeas 92, nays 97.

The subject was then referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The bill to increase the regular army by the addition of ten regiments was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, when Mr. Smith, of Indiana, occupied the hour from one time in speaking on the administration and the war.

Mr. Belknap followed in defence of the administration.

Mr. Rathbun then obtained the floor, and offered a substitute, changing the proposed increase from regulars to volunteers, and making the effective force by companies and regiments, and commissioned by the Governors of the States in which they are raised.

On the 7th instant, Mr. Seaman, of New York, gave notice that he should introduce a bill to provide against the importation of foreign paupers.

Mr. Dargan, of Alabama, introduced the bill which has the object to increase the regular army.

The Committee rose and went into the Senate's bill, to encourage enlistments in the army, and passed it with such amendments as the Committee would be enabled to discharge the soldiers at any time.

On the 8th, the House went into Committee at the Whole, on the ten regiments bill. Mr. Tuomb addressed the House, and spoke in favor of the provisions of the war, but against the present shape of the bill.

Mr. Winthrop followed in opposition to the bill in its present or any shape. He spoke in favor of the call, touching upon the compromises of the constitution, in regard to slavery.

Mr. Carroll offered an amendment from the Military Committee, providing five additional surgeons, and five assistant surgeons.

Mr. Long obtained the floor in opposition to the bill, and made considerable remarks upon the enlisting, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 9th, Mr. McKay, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill to alter the Revenue and Indian Appropriation bills, which were read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

An unsuccessful attempt was then made to extend the time for debate upon the bill to the close of the regular army; when, on motion of Mr. Ingersoll, the House was compelled to vote on the bill, and the consideration of the bill was resumed.

Mr. Long, of Maryland, concluded his remarks commenced yesterday, in favor of the ten regiments army supplies, and in opposition to any interference with the question of slavery.

Mr. Ficklin followed in support of the bill, as introduced as a measure to prosecute the war with Mexico, and to the causes of its remarks, reasons as several particulars the course of the commanding General in Mexico.

Mr. Herrnden, chairman of the Military Committee next obtained the floor, and addressed the Committee at length in favor of the bill as reported. In the course of his remarks he said that the number of volunteers who have been discharged since the dispersion of the army of Gen. Taylor, and the number of officers at 91, including resignations, and there, in both cases, independent of those discharged of the former under Generals Kearney and Wool, the number of whom is 1,000.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, followed Mr. Hartshorn, also in support of the bill, and was succeeded by Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, in favor of the measure, who had not concluded when the hour for closing the debate in Committee arrived.

The Committee then proceeded to vote on the several amendments of the bill reported from the Committee. To the first section an amendment was adopted, prohibiting the appointment by the President of Congress to office to the Regiments to be raised, and another to the second section, providing that the officers, commissions and privates of the Regiments shall be discharged on the cessation of hostilities with the Republic of Mexico. An amendment to the bill, from the Military Committee, providing for the appointment of a Lieutenant General, to take command of all the military forces in the field, was also adopted by the Committee of the Whole—84 to 83.

The amendments of Mr. Tibbatts and Mr. Ficklin were not adopted.

Mr. Rathbun offered his substitute for the bill, and on his last a motion was made to engraft a further amendment, providing for the appointment of a Lieutenant-General, but the amendment to the substitute was lost, 88 to 92. The substitute was then adopted, 96 to 91. The substitute provides for ten regiments of volunteers instead of ten regiments of regulars.

The Committee then rose, and reported the bill, as amended, (the provision of Lieutenant General of course not being included,) to the House. Mr. Thompson of Mississippi, moved to amend the substitute by providing for the appointment of a Lieutenant General to take command of all the military forces in the field, during the continuance of the war with Mexico. And on this amendment, he demanded the previous question. A motion was now made that the House do now adjourn, and on the motion the yeas and nays were ordered.

—976-119. The yeas and nays were then ordered on the adoption of Mr. Thompson's amendment.

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Casualties.

FLOOD IN OHIO.

The late rains and the melting of the snows in the latter part of last month, caused on the 31st, the most destructive flood in Ohio, Scioto, Columbus, &c. About one o'clock at night, at Dayton, the citizens were aroused from their beds by the ringing of bells, warning them of the danger. The water had already broken over the lower levee, and inundated the whole western part of the town. The greatest height was reached by seven in the morning of the 31, when it remained stationary until about noon. Of the ten bridges across the canal, three were swept away, and the others all very materially injured. The loss to the State from the injury to the aqueduct and the public works on the canal, whose time was delayed, will be immense. Many will probably lose all they owned. Some estimate the total loss at that place as over $100,000, some as high as $200,000, and others as

Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

Ah! my steps are heavy,
My breast sighs very wearily;
And time's fitful sands,
In the wasteful glasses,
That my tongue doth utter,
When I try to speak.

And I've lost twelve children,
Lost them, every one!
Neither kith or kindred,
Have I beside the rest;
And my legs are weary,
With the one they've run.

And my legs are weary,
Weary with the toil
Of this constant marching
Over on the soil:—
My being of life yearneth
Him for want of oil!

March had lost his reason,
When a youngling lisp,
And his host had awful
Madness painted there!
Ah! he died distracted,
Mad as a March hare!

May, she was the dearest,
Fairest of them all;
Flowers fell a weeping,
When they saw her fall!
And this leaves were scatter'd
Over as her pall!

When July departed,
Shadows round his bed,
Warned she "Disfiguration"
O'er his sinking head;
And they ever mourned it
"Glory is the first!"

August slowly linger'd,
On a living rack,
Till the nothing weather
Killed him off, good luck!
While his shirt was wringing
Wet upon his back!

Wo is me! December
Used me like a thief,
Her and young November,
Dog me ever since!
He my very youngest,
Was the eldest leave!

He—they all have let me,
Left me here to mourn,
And the years that follow,
Point at me in scorn ;—
I'm like goods at auction,
Going, going, gone!

Books and Bibliophili Journal.

Choice Selections.

MEXICAN HIGHWAYMEN.

Robbers in Mexico are what pedlars used to be in England; they keep up the life in the villages, plunder wherever they can, cheat where they can not plunder, ride steel horses, and lead, on the whole, a varied and sometimes a very gay life. One of the American travellers, at one of the little villages where the stage changed horses, a dashing and picturesque figure, gaudily dressed, who rode by on a handsome horse richly caparisoned. On inquiring of the coachman knew him, the answer was that he knew him perfectly well, and that he was the captain of a band of robbers who had plundered the stage several times since the whip and reins had been in his hands. On the American urging the question why he had not brought the robber to punishment, the answer was, "that he would be sure to be shot by some one at the head the next time he passed the road:" the honor of Mexico thieves being peculiarly nice upon this point. It appears that the dashing horseman had gone through the village on a reconnoissance, but probably not liking the obvious preparations of the travellers, had postponed the capture.

The mode of managing things in this semisalient country is remarkable for its tranquility. The American who narrates the circumstance had taken with him from Vera Cruz four dragoons of but mediocrantity inquiring on the road into the state of their arms, he found that but one carbine had a lock in fighting order, and even that was not loaded; on which he dismissed the guard and trusted to his companions, who were all well armed. The Mexican travellers, taking the matter in another way, never carry arms, but prepare a small purse "to be robbed of," of which they are modest accustomed. A few miles from Perote the road winds round a high hill, and the passengers generally get out and walk. The Americans on this occasion had left their arms in the carriage, but their more prudent chief immediately ordered them to carry them in their hands, and in the event of the coach party appointed upon a group of ruffians whom the driver pronounced to be robbers; and who, but for their arms, would probably have attacked them. In less than a month after this, five or six Americans having left their arms in the stage at this spot, were attacked and stripped of every cent belonging to them.

It must be warned that this country has few advantages for the gentlemen of the road. The highway between Vera Cruz and Mexico is the great conduit of life in this country. Nearly all the commerce goes by that way, and country not of every hundred travellers pass by the same route. The chief portion of the road is through an absolute desert. It frequently winds up the sides of mountains, and then is bordered by forests of evergreens, forming a capital shelter for the last pirate, the whole being a terrestrial skin of Moonshine Heath and Shooter's Hill on a grand scale, and making highway robbery not merely a choice but a safe speculation, the gaming table being the chief recruiting office of the whole battalion of Monterey.

The statistics of gaming might borrow a chapter from Mexico. Gambling is the play in public, universal and unbounded. It is probably even superior to the passion for bullfight. Every one plays, for all he is worth in the street, and often far more. One of he has his resource—the road. A man who has lost his last dollar, but who is determined to play on till he dies, lays himself under strong temptations of covering his neighbor's goods. The hour when the stages pass is known to every one; the points of the road where they must go slowly up the hill, are familiar to all highway recollections. Americans are expeditiously found among the gamesters, who, after their own ruin, sit round the room watching the luck of others. The band is formed in a moment; they take the road without delay; post themselves in the evergreens, enjoy the finest imaginable prospect, and breathe the most refreshing air, until the cracking of the coach whips puts them on the alert. They then exhibit their own persons, the passengers produce their little purses, and the stage is robbed of everything portable, or convertable to cash. The band return to the gaming table, fling out their coin, and play till they are rich as usual once more.

Some time after an adventure, such as we have described, the stage was robbed near Puebla by a gang, all of whom had the appearance of gentlemen. When the operation of rifling everybody and everything was completed, one of the robbers advanced—"Had they most not be looked on as professional thieves, for they were gentlemen, but having been unfortunate at play, they were forced to get the company to the performance, for which they requested their particular pardon."

PETRIFIED HUMAN BODY FOUND

[We gathered the following facts from a gentleman of intelligence and undoubted veracity, who was an eye witness; they may therefore be relied upon as substantially correct.]

A few weeks since, while engaged in digging a well in the lower part of Lowndes County, Georgia, within about a mile of the Florida line, the workmen found a human body completely turned to chalk. They had excavated the body considerably before they were aware what it was. After they discovered it in a human body, they succeeded in getting nearly or quite all the parts. Our informant with several other gentlemen of the vicinity visited the spot, and examined it carefully. They say there is not the least doubt of its being a human body. There were several teeth still remaining in the jaw, and the appearance of three having been extracted while the subject was living. The body when found was imbedded in a stiff clay, about thirty feet from the surface. The surrounding country is a flat pine forest, heavily timbered, no stones of any description within a number of miles. Our informant was strongly of the opinion that the body had belonged to one of the antediluvian race.—*Savannah (Ga.) Patriot*, 10th ultimo.

BAD SIGNING.—There was something of security, if it true no loss of reason, in the proceedings of a late esteemed minister in New England, who at the close of a very lucky long session, read another, say long.—Too most try again, but if is impossible to persuade after such bad singing.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS.

It is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers, who happened to pass through, or visit that town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, principally as they do to the churches, the bridge, the harbor, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young English man, on a visit to Dumfries, was one of the last persons all she had to show—the bed-room in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family Bible, containing the hand-writing of him self, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature rendered the name illustrious—that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a memorial of his visit to the country. "Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not one left." "Oh, you surely must have something," said the persevering Saxon; "say thing will do—any little scrap of his hand writing—the least thing you please." "Why, sir," said she, *I have a relic of the poet*, and any thing, you know, will do for a relic." Some further altercation took place—the lady re-asserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly reserving his request. At length, fairly tired out with the importunity, persecution, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile, "Dear, sir, unless you take *myself*, then, I clown see how you are to get what you want; for, really, *I'm* the only relic of him that I ken of." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

For the Ladies.

A FEMALE LOTHARIO.

FROM THE NEWBURYPORT (CANADA) SPECTATOR.

Appearances are often very deceitful, but never more so than when a lady assumes male attire, and in that disguise makes one of her sex present and into her willing ear a portion of the soft, sweet strains of never-ending love. There is something strange and mysterious about the practice of the ladies making love to each other, for which we could never account. Whether it is done through mischievous motives, or from a sincere desire to know the secrets of other hearts, or whether it arises from a desire to be revenged on the sex, by a portion of it who have proven themselves less in favor of with a lover, they only know who practise it.

We make the foregoing remarks by way of introducing a series of exciting circumstances which lately fell to the lot of a buxom young Irish girl residing in this city. This maiden of the would-be masculine proclivities came from the Emerald Isle to Eliza McCormick, and for the last two or three years has manifested such a particular regard for a german-German coal merchant, that she has at length persuaded the streets of Hamilton in full dress, even to a cigar and crooked cane. Thus equipped, her object was to let her self out for a serenader, a business in which she seems to have been exceedingly fortunate, probably because she was better acquainted with the streets of the city than with the method of conducting a successful attack than those whose dress and appearance she had assumed. Be that as it may, we have been made acquainted with some of her pretended courtships, and all with dreadful makers.

How many more she may have been engaged in we know not, but to three of these she "popped the question" of marriage—was accepted, and one of them indeed—in fact in the pleasing dream of matrimonial bliss that she actually prepared her wedding dress. During the time that the female was in this city, she was in the habit of visiting a girl who was living as a servant in the city, and she invariably played her pranks upon such girls as were acquainted with the habits in which she lived.

She assumed all manner of characters, and had as many names as a member of the London swell mob. Sometimes she was a student of medicine—sometimes a limb of the law—in one place she was a lawyer in another a dry goods store—in another a gentleman of wealth—lately she has assumed the character of a gentleman of the army